

Uncle Sam will inaugurate the Panama canal with a \$40,000,000 dig.

The revolution in Bolivia is spreading. A lame dog joined it yesterday.

The American ice trust lost money last year. Probably it had too much watered stock.

At this distance we can see a Pickwickian flavor about that proclamation of the czar.

There has been a break in the whisky trust, but not long enough to let the stuff out for nothing.

A New York jury has fixed the value of a man's leg at \$17,000. Would you sell one of your legs for that?

Some way should be found to prevent Mount Pelee and old Crazy Snake from breaking out at the same time.

When you have known a hundred women, you know just about as much about the sex as when you knew only one.

The Mad Mullah's mother is sought. Now if they could catch his mother-in-law, perhaps he'd quiet down and live in peace.

The furnaceman has appeared in the Burdick case, but the milkman and the plumber have thus far succeeded in keeping out.

When we remember what a fuss men make about their \$50 Panama hats marked down to \$1.98, we can have charity for the women.

Ex-Mayor Ames of Minneapolis says the newspapers are to blame for his present troubles. This is quite a compliment to the press.

Compared with what the Buffalo detectives do not know about the Burdick murder the facts thus far brought out are exceedingly meager.

"If your baby has the grippe don't kiss it," says Dr. Cyrus Edson. "If your stenographer has the grippe," he adds—"send her home till she gets well."

The Rothschilds started in business with a small art store. They knew practically nothing about painting, but soon had all of the old masters coming their way.

A trolley syndicate has been incorporated in New Jersey with a capital of \$50,000,000. But a little bit of a thing like that doesn't spill much water nowadays.

Japanese labor has been tried in Colorado and Utah and is pronounced to be a failure. The Japanese costume fills so easily with snow that the laborer becomes logy.

Prof. Monaghan might have added to his assertion that poor cooks make drunkards the further fact that they incite to profanity, assault and battery, defalcation and suicide.

The man out West who wants a divorce on the ground that his wife hypnotized him into the marriage, will not get it. That ground would allow every husband to get a divorce.

Secretary Shaw isn't worrying half so much about the prospective payment of that \$50,000,000 Panama canal account as you may be about the prospective payment of a \$50 tailor's bill.

Lances are to be discarded by the British army. All the lancers and dragoons will be armed with carbines and swords hereafter. Is this another move forward toward universal peace?

That Tennessee legislator who wants to make kissing a misdemeanor must have passed a lonesome youth, a dreary middle life and now on the verge of old age has no love for children.

Mr. Tokell, the English bruiser who was recently jolted into the land of dreams by the American, Mr. Forbes, has so far recovered as to be able to state that the people of this blasted country "lack claws."

We are informed that the Sultan of Muscat has been ruined by the expense incurred in organizing his customs service on the advice of the British, American and French consuls. Too many cooks.

A Boston dry goods firm advertises "Beautiful things in spring shirt waists." We have them down here, too, but we do not advertise them. They speak for themselves, both as display and solid matter.

THE MUCH-FEARED CENTIPEDE.

Sight of One Full Grown Gives a Shock to the Nerves.

The sight of a full-grown centipede is said by travelers in tropical lands to be enough to affect the strongest nerves. Ten to eleven inches is the average length, although larger ones have been seen. Lafcadio Hearn, in "Two Years in the French West Indies," says that the vitality of the centipede is amazing. He kept one in a bottle, without food or water, for thirteen weeks, at the end of which time it remained as active and dangerous as ever. The hen attacks the centipede with delight, and often swallows him head first, without taking the trouble to kill him. The cat hunts him, but is careful never to put her head near him. She has a trick of whirling him round and round upon the floor so quickly as to stupefy him; then, when she sees a good chance, she strikes him dead with her claws. If you kill a centipede you are sure to receive money soon and even if you dream of killing one it is good luck—at least so local tradition says.

THE ACME OF UNBELIEF.

"Close" Man's Reputation Must Have Been Well Established.

One day last week three members of the Stock Exchange, one of whom is generally reputed to be rather "close," were on their way to luncheon when they were met by three sisters of charity soliciting alms. Each one contributed something, but one of the sisters inadvertently solicited from the close one for the second time. Naturally enough he protested politely that he had done his duty.

"I believe him," said the first member in the ear of the second, "but I did not see it."

"Well," said the second, "I saw him do it, but I don't believe it."—New York Times.

An Early Skirt Dancer.

Kate Vaughan, who died recently in Johannesburg, is aneged by the English to have been the originator of the skirt dance. She was an all round actress and had been on the stage from early childhood, the parts of Little Nell and Little Em'ly, in "David Copperfield," being among her preliminary triumphs. She first attempted her dancing in the "tempestuous petticoat" so long ago that few living exponents of the art will care to contest the claim that she was first. It is said that the manager of the London theater in which Miss Vaughan first gave the dance cheerfully paid a weekly bill of \$40 for the renewal of her skirts.

A Puzzling Calculation.

We all like to puzzle our brain over things which give certain and strange results, but which we cannot explain. Here's a puzzle that puzzles everybody: Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three, multiply the result by five, add to it the number of living sisters, multiply the result by ten, add to it the number of deaths of brothers and sisters, subtract 150 from the result. The right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters and the left the number of living brothers.—Canton Saturday Roller.

Brains Cost Money.

This is the opinion of a large retail merchant on wage-earners. When an irate customer complained that the store was full of insolent chumps who did not understand the first principles of waiting on a patron he said: "If my clerks had brains enough to amount to anything they would not be working here at \$7 or \$8 per week." "Why don't you hire clerks with brains?" asked the customer. "Because brains cost more money than I can afford to pay," was the reply. "In our business we pay large salaries to slave drivers and nothing to the slaves."

Ill Omen at a Wedding.

A curious story is told by a person who was present at the marriage of the much-talked-of Princess of Saxony, who was divorced the other day. By some inexplicable error the box supposed to contain her wedding bouquet, sent by a celebrated flower artist in Vienna, was found when opened to contain instead a large cross of white flowers, destined for the funeral of a well-known Austrian general just dead. The mistake was not discovered until within half an hour of the wedding, and the consternation of the superstitious Austrian court may be imagined.

To Encourage Tree Planting.

There are many historic trees in the country, and it is believed by the Department of Agriculture that interest in tree planting can be stimulated by distributing a limited number of these trees under proper direction. The seedlings, when grown, will be sent to schools in various parts of the country, and there will accompany each tree a concise statement setting forth the historic events connected with the tree itself, and the growing of the seedling.

BACK TO HIS OWN CHURCH.

Youth Had Gone Rounds of the Others and Was Satisfied.

Young Stanley McMinneman of Ramford Falls, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George McMinneman, is supposed to be an attendant at Father La Flamme's church.

For the past few weeks, owing to necessity, he has been sent to church alone. The other day he startled his mother by announcing, as he buttoned his collar under his chin:

"Well, I guess I'll go back where I belong to-day."

"What do you mean?" his mother asked in surprise.

"Why," the little chap answered calmly, "I've been going round to see what church I liked best. But the Universalists and the Baptists are no good. The Methodist church's on the bum—they haven't got any altar, nor altar boys, and I'm just going back to where I belong!"

His mother took pains to assure herself that he did.—Lewiston Journal.

TRAINING THE HUMAN EYE.

Wonderful Possibilities of That Organ Are Little Known.

Unless we are color-blind we all can see the seven colors in the rainbow. That is ordinary eyesight, which may by careful training be wonderfully developed. The tapestry workers of France, for instance, by continued practice, learn to distinguish different shades of the same color in a truly marvelous way. Some of these men and women, by actual experiment, can perceive 1,500 different shades of a single color, and combine them in wonderful harmonies. Their eyes are ordinary human eyes, like those of other people; but they have trained their sight until it becomes almost unbelievably perfect. Their work is priceless, because they have raised an ordinary possession into an extraordinary endowment.

Unusual.

A captain of an English regiment stationed at Natal, while paying off his new recruits a Transvaal half crown, which bears the image and superscription of Paul Kruger. The fellow soon returned with the coin, and throwing it on the table, declared it was a bad one. The officer took the coin without looking at it and rang it on the table.

"It sounds all right, Atkins; what's the matter with it?" he asked.

"Well, sir," replied Atkins, "if you say it's all right it's all right, but it's the first time I've seen the Queen with whiskers on."

Guards Secrets of Letter.

An American has invented an envelope which records of itself any attempt to tamper with its contents. The flap is imbued with some chemical composition which when operated upon by a dampening process or any other means of penetrating to its inclosure, records the transaction by causing the words "Attempt to open" to appear. It is thought that the Inquisitive will think twice before pursuing their researches in face of such an invention.

Argument Against Early Marriages.

"Do not," said the little man at the club, "do not marry too young."

"And what do you call too young?" inquired the young man to whom the advice was so solemnly tendered.

"I married my wife," replied the little man, "when she was but 17. She was a petite thing, and hadn't got her growth. And now," the little man paused to sigh, "now she's two feet taller than I am!"

And he sighed again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Judge Shiras in Luck.

Judge Shiras, who has just retired as a justice of the supreme court, gains \$2,500 a year by the passage of the bill increasing the salaries of the members of that tribunal. He wished to retire some months ago, but the death of Justice Gray delayed the acceptance of his resignation. Meantime the increase of salary became effective and he will receive \$12,500 a year during the remainder of his life.

Election Thinned Committees.

There are sixty-three committees in the house of representatives at Washington, and only one of them was entirely exempt from the effects of last fall's election. That is the committee on expenditures in the treasury department, of which "Rob" Cousins of Iowa is chairman. Every other committee lost from one to five members through defeat in convention or at the polls.

Grateful for Prosperity.

While Lord Charles Boreaford was in New York he told of one of his tenants who conducted a small undertaker's establishment in Waterford. One day he met her and asked how the business was getting along. "Grand, me lord!" she exclaimed, "I now have the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness—it was never a day idle since I got it."

Had Never Seen a Horse.

Wandering Alaskan Indian Astonished at Beasts of Burden in Prospectors' Camp—Dog Teams the Only Traffic Carriers Known to Him.

"It is hard to believe that there are persons living in the western hemisphere who never saw a horse," said Quartermaster John F. Rice at the Normandie, "but such is the case. I well recollect when with the Abercrombie expedition in 1899 we found ourselves one September night several hundred miles from nowhere. Just as the sun was sinking over the Alaskan range the camp was startled by the report of a rifle.

"We sprang to our feet, prepared for any emergency, when our native guide discovered across the narrow valley an Indian who had just brought down a caribou. By the use of signs and signals he was induced to come into camp. After we had tanked him up with strong tea and loaded him to the guards with pork and beans his tongue limbered up and, through one of the guides, he informed us that he was a Matanuski, by the way, the fiercest tribe in Alaska, and that he was hunting caribou. At the time we discovered him he was 150 miles from the encampment of his tribe, which shows that the fellow had his nerve with him. He had never seen a horse and our pack animals excited his curiosity and wonder. He declared that no member of his tribe had ever seen a horse, all transportation in his coun-

try being conducted by dog teams hitched to sleds in winter, and by pack dogs in summer. What amused him most was to see the animals eat grass, and every time they would grab a mouthful of forage he would almost go into convulsions, he thought it so funny. In an ethnological sense the Matanuski resemble the Apache Indians of our plains. They subsist on the flesh of the caribou and brown bear, the counterpart of the Rocky Mountain grizzly, and quite as ferocious, and are greatly feared by the other tribes in Alaska because of their fierce disposition and warlike nature. Our guides, who were shore Indians, seemed to be afraid of the newcomer, and he treated them with haughty contempt. Whenever he would shoot a fierce glance at them they would quail like whipped curs, and slink away from his sight.

"We found the shore Indians quite a jolly lot of fellows. Compared with the Matanuski they were quite sociable and inclined to be obliging to white people. When camped on the Yukon quite recently I heard a small band of them singing the familiar song, 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night' and that other tender ditty, 'Goo-Goo Eyes.'—Washington Star.

Where Cow Bells Are Made.

Collinsville, a Little Town in Connecticut, Produces Supply for Nearly Entire Country—Many Sets Made to Ring in Musical Chime.

Cowbells that melodiously chime on the western plains, sheep bells that dingle on the big American sheep ranches, bells for grazing horses and mules and all kinds of bells for the farm and ranch are nearly all made in one factory, which stands on a hillside street in the little town of Collinsville, Conn. The factory turns out from 10,000 to 15,000 bells every year, and they are shipped to all parts of the country through the wholesale hardware houses. To several great cattle ranches of the West were sent recently a lot of the bells tuned in sets of an octave each, so that the bell bearers among the shifting herds answered each other in musical chime. Ranchmen say that bells echoing in tunes across the plains deter wolves from attacking the herds.

The metal for the bells is received at the factory in large flat sheets of thin iron, direct from the rolling mills, and is passed under a steam-driven cutter, which turns out the properly shaped pieces like patterns for a double-bladed ax. Then a ring for a clapper is fastened into the center of each

piece and it is spanned with a little iron strap for a handle.

Finally the piece is bent down into the familiar bell shape, and its sides riveted together on the anvil. The bell is in shape then, but it still lacks tone and color. These are gained by a coating of brass and a bath in a fiery furnace. In nests of four or five each the bells, ranging in size from the little three-inch sheep bells to the seven-inch cow bells, are placed with a mixture of charcoal and brass filings between them, in plumbago crucibles, whose lids are held in place by a plastering of wet clay. Then these are immersed in the fire until ready for the final touch.

Within the crucibles the brass spends itself in a thin coating over the imprisoned bells and the bell obtains its clear note. All that need be done afterward is to burnish the bells, which is done by throwing them, with a few leather scraps, into a big revolving cylinder, in which they polish themselves. The bell tongues are made in foundries and come with wire attached ready to bend on.

Some Old Cures for Rabies.

Powdered Crayfish and Laying Hens Prescribed by Physicians—Old-time Doctor Had Various Methods of Dealing With This Dread Disease.

Dr. Stephen Bradwell in the earliest known English book on first aid to the injured, called by him "Helps for Sudden Accidents" (1633), endeavors to shuffle out of the serious discussion of mad dog bite by pooch-pooching it. His method is familiar even now.

"Although," says he, "in this our country of England I have neither seen nor heard of any such terrible dangers happening to people by a mad dog's biting as in other regions, yet I have seen dogs mad."

Cure, according to him, is easy and frequent. His own method of procedure partly follows Celsus. "Labor to draw the contagion out of the wound by cupping glasses."

He also advocates the use of the cautery and of sublimate, but departs from the common sense of antiquity when he suggests an "application of pullets or pigeons that lay eggs," scarifications, leeches and drawing medicines.

From the days of Galen to those of Rhazes and onward powdered crayfish was recommended as an antidote.

Islands Built by Oysters.

Dr. Grave of the United States fish commission has recently been studying the islands found in Newport river and Beaufort harbor in North Carolina. The islands, which are in various stages of growth, are shown to be built up of generations upon generations of oysters, and appear to grow in very much the same way as the coral islands of the Pacific. The original reefs grow across the river, because the swift current keeps the edges clean, and thus makes a favorable surface for the attachment of the young spat. In course of time, by action of wind, waves and vegetable growth on the accumulating genera-

The crayfish were to be gathered when the sun was in a certain house and were to be cooked alive.

There are five general remedies for the bite of a mad dog in Thomas Sendall's "Manuscript" (1659). Two recommend strong ale as a chief ingredient in the medicines to be administered.

One mixture includes ale, garlic, sage, treacle and two ounces of scraped pewter, and is to be administered thrice daily "by nine spoonfuls" at a time. Another consists of powdered claws of crayfish and a sufficiency of treacle, milk, pine roots and the like, and is to be given to man or dog—for the dog was then also treated.

Madness in dogs, the same author opines, "proceedeth from black cholerick juices wherewith a dogge more than other beasts aboundeth," but of the actual fear of water he can give no better account than that drinking may produce convulsions in the bitten and may so come to be regarded with horror.—Lancet.

hions of oysters, the reef eventually becomes established as an island, says the Minneapolis Junior Journal.

No More Tie Counting.

"Do you favor a theater under the patronage of the government?"

"I do," replied Stormington Barnes, "I should like to see government ownership of the theaters and government ownership of the railways, and then hope for co-operation between these two great branches of our nation system."

Many a man reserves the kind words his wife is entitled to for her tombstone.